



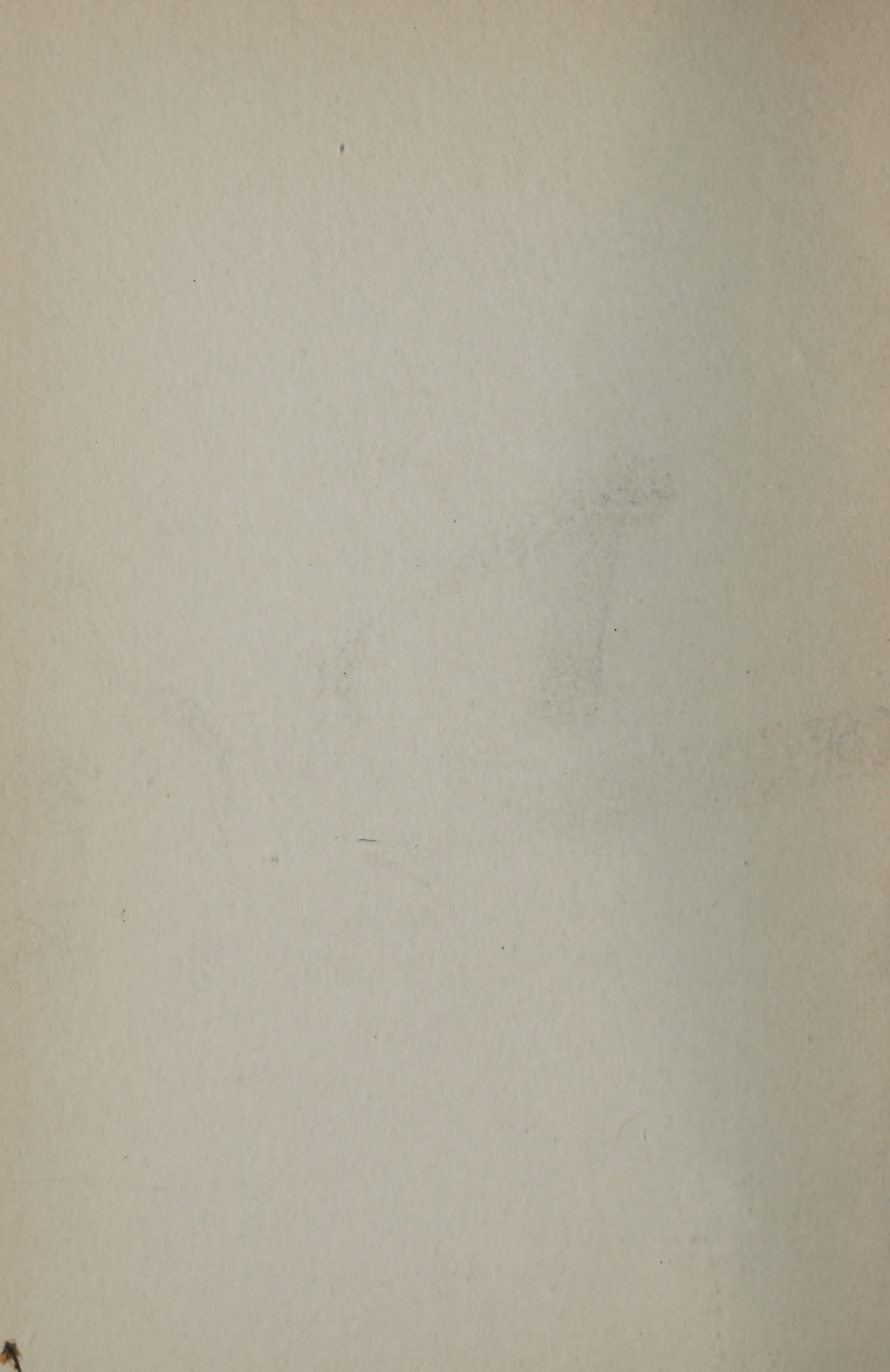
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LUX JUVENTUTIS



LUX JUVENTUTIS

A BOOK OF VERSE

BY

KATHARINE A. ESDAILE



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1914

DEDICATION

*HAD I a wreath of bays about my brow,
How would I do thee honour with my best,
That all the world should know thee worthiest
Since honoured I thus honoured thee ; but now
I have no wreath, save that which love doth give
To all his worshippers ; no name have I
To do thee grace ; no immortality
By which to bid thy name with mine to live.
Then touch my lips, O Love, that so I may
Such honour give as honour only claims,
That something of my debt so might I pay,
And write one name among immortal names.
Take that I have, poor gift, unworthy thee,
Darkness and light, youth and mortality.*

NOTE

AFTER some sixty lifetimes, by the reckoning of Sir Thomas Browne, poetic thought can hardly be original. Only by experience, or by imagination, which is the instinct of experience, can a modern hope to put new wine into the old bottles of human utterance. To do this so that the draught may not be flat and unprofitable is 'to reveal old things in heaven, to make new discoveries on earth, and even earth itself a discovery.'¹ And this is poetry.

My title—in its English form—is taken from Cowley's Ode *On the Death of Mr. William Hervey*, as is the first line of the *Dedication*; 'O God, O God, that it were possible To undo things done!' is from Heywood's *A Woman Killed with Kindness*. 'Beneath the everlasting arms' needs no ascription. Of other borrowings the writer is not conscious.

K. A. E.

¹ *Hydriotaphia*.

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THE UNFORGOTTEN

WHEN we were young, we loved to lie
All day in punts beside the Cher,
And watch less idle craft go by,
Until the sky lit star by star.
Those years are past, and here we are,
But—older now—we crave a boon,
To see in dreams the river far
In Oxford, on the first of June.

Under the willows there we lay,
Or, stretched on cowslip-sprinkled grass,
We watched the kingfishers at play,
Or saw our busier fellows pass,
And till the night we talked ;—alas,
The twilight, blending with the moon,
Is not the wonder that it was
In Oxford, on the first of June.

We lay and talked as friend to friend ;
We shared our hopes, our hearts, our fears :
We little thought these things could end,
Or that the pressure of the years

Was close at hand, with all the tears
Of life to follow, when at noon
We lay and talked beside the weirs,
In Oxford, on the first of June.

ENVOI

Let us forget the encumbering years,
And lie once more one lazy noon,
And hear the music of the spheres
In Oxford, on the first of June.

BROWN WOODS AND BLACK

ONE, one long slope the wood was ruddy-brown
With fallen beech-leaves underneath the trees,
And every wind would rustle over these
Till squirrels threw their empty pine-cones down
And saw, not heard, them falling. And hard by
There stretched another and a lonelier wood,
And dark beneath the firs the needles dead
Made every comer silent as his tread
Till, spellbound like the air, he silent stood.
So in our lives the cheerful kindly days
Stand side by side with those remote and chill
And all unlit by sun or summer air;
Yet when we reach the parting of the ways
And win the dark wood all against our will,
We only find a deeper wonder there.

LOVE'S AUTUMN

September

CLAD in her autumn gold, a summer day
Looked on the birth of Love, for Love was born
Among the flowers at even, and never thorn
Was there to mar his way.

October

The lakes and quiet woods were glad, for lo !
Love now was grown, and come to claim his right ;
Nor did he tarry longer, far from sight,
But with a maid did go.

November

White fields, brown boughs, clear in the frosty air,
And a cold sun low-hung in heaven to greet
A maiden with her lover at her feet :
Love and his bride were there.

December

Though dark the days, Love gave his light for sun,
And the still woods were wakened by his tread ;
But life was stirring though the leaves were dead,
For Love and life were one.

SUNRISE

ONE took me by the hand and led me on,
A veiled dark form, whose very grasp was pain,
O'er pale rocks chasm-rent and splintered stone ;
Nor ever might I turn to see again
The far green valleys where my life was glad,
But ever on we pressed ; and still his hand
Held me, and still my heavy heart was sad
For that long-loved low-lying pasture land.
And higher yet he led me prisoner—
When lo ! the path grew smoother to my tread,
And from the earth went fragrance as of myrrh,
And the new flowers had pushed aside the dead :
Then on the mountain top I saw the sun—
Unveiled Love stood, and Love and I were one.

CRAS AMET QUI NUNQUAM AMAVIT

WHAT is this that you call love?
Only a fluttering of the heart,
Only a glory where you move,
Only a darkness when we part?
By these signs I well may know
I had a love not long ago.

What is this that you call love?
Only a look in your veiled eyes,
Only a gift your heart to move,
A joy new pleasures to devise?
By these signs I well may know
I had a love not long ago.

What is this that you call love?
Is it that sacrifice is joy,
Is it to strive as ne'er I strove
That you may laugh without alloy?
By these signs I well may know
I had a love not long ago.

CRAS AMET QUI NUNQUAM AMAVIT 7

What is this that you call love?
Is it that my joy was such
When I saw you, that I strove
More, though I had striven much?
By these signs I know, I vow,
That my love is here, and now.

SONG

O LOVE, take all my heart,
Take every part ;
Consume the sacrifice,
And with thine eyes
Bless me, and give me heart
To do my part.

Because I love her, give
Me grace to live
More worthy her and thee,
And service free
To thee and her to give
Long as I live.

Lord Love, fulfil thou me
With love to thee ;
Take thou my life, my heart,
With thee apart :
Lord of my love and me,
I cry to thee.

SONG

WITHIN the young man's breast,
Within his gates,
With his unknown unrest
Love waits.

Within the maiden's heart,
Within her eyes,
With his destroying dart
Love lies.

Within the lover's soul
When love forgives,
Won is his glorious goal :
Love lives.

SONG

THE song of the throstle shall follow thy tread ;
The pipe of the blackbird sound over thy head ;
The trill of the lark shall ring out in the sky,
When thou, my lady, when thou shalt pass by.

The lamps of the glow-worm shall lighten thy
tread ;
The whoop of the owl shall sound over thy head ;
The moon and the stars shall be bright in the sky,
When thou, my lady, when thou shalt pass by.

DAWN

O BLESSED days, O full of grace,
O days when I, for very shame,
Upon my inmost heart would frown ;
When still I feared to see his face,
When still I feared to speak his name,
And feared, yet loved, to write it down ;

When, if we met, the sun was bright,
Though dark with wind and rain the day,
Though chill the night with autumn dew ;
About our path there shone the light
That only lights the lover's way,
And yet we said not what we knew.

SONG

WHEN love knocketh at thy breast,
And thy lover cries to thee,
Fear not thou to give him rest—
Fear not, happy shalt thou be.

When love standeth at thy head,
And thy lover at thy feet,
Rest thou safe within thy bed—
Rest, thy slumber shall be sweet.

When love lieth in thy heart,
And thy lover at thy side,
Fear not. Only death shall part
Him the bridegroom, thee the bride.

SONG

GIVE me my lover's hand to hold ;
Give me my lover's lips to kiss ;
Give me my love, by love made bold—
My heart can ask no more than this.

Give him thy love, love-laden heart ;
Give him thy life to lay with his ;
Give him thyself, thine every part—
His heart can ask no more than this.

A PASTORAL

UNDER the trees in summer
I met with love one day ;
And ah, the false new-comer,
He stole my heart away.

O love, in the beginning
He made my heart to sing ;
O cruel, in the winning
To do this grievous thing.

And yet love is so tender
For all his cruel smart—
I cannot but surrender,
I can but yield my heart.

THE RETURN

AND will he come to-morrow night,
And shall I see him then ?
Will his face be bright in the lamplight ;
Shall I hear his step again ?

O, come you back by day or night,
You come too late for me ;
For still I wait by the little gate
Until your face I see.

O, come you by the bright noontide,
Or come you by the stars.
I still shall wait till I hear the gate
That on its hinges jars.

O, come you back—I have waited long,
And long have I been alone ;
But on your breast I soon shall rest,
And know as I am known.

BALLAD

AND have you seen my love, good sirs?
My love is tall and fine;
He promised me 'neath the greenwood tree,
And laid his heart to mine.

He left me in the autumn-time
When all the leaves were gold;
And he sailed away for a year and a day
Before the news was told.

And I would find him if I might,
And I to him would say,
Come back to me from over the sea,
Come back before the May.

For with the May the child shall come,
And with the birds the birth;
And under the sun a word shall run,
And run about the earth.

And the word shall be hard for a girl to bear,
And the world will turn and sneer ;
But what to me will their taunting be,
When I know my love is near ?

So have you seen my love, good sirs ?
My love is tall and fine ;
He will come to me from over the sea,
And lay his heart to mine.

IN THE SOUTH

ALONG the Downs the sky is bright ;
Along the sky the clouds are white ;
But northward all the land is grey,
Because my love is far away.

Along the valleys run the streams ;
Along the slopes gold woodland gleams ;
But northward hangs the city's pall,
And from the north my lover's call.

But valleys, gold, and down, and sky—
My heart can get no good thereby ;
Still to my ear the streams are dumb,
Till from the north my love shall come.

SONG

ONCE, once with thee the way was sweet,
And dear was once the winding street ;
Now thou art gone the way is ill,
And bitter is the winding hill.

Once, once the wild-rose breathed of thee,
And fragrant once the hawthorn tree ;
Now thou art gone the rose is dead,
And cypress grows in hawthorn's stead.

Once of thy name the wind would sing,
That name I carved beside the spring ;
Now thou art gone the wind wails high,
Where thou didst drink the spring is dry.

QUAMDIU, DOMINE?

LILIES shall stand about my love
Where, in the shadow of the tower,
She lies afar from all her pain ;
Vainly I weep her grave above—
Vainly I weep, for all love's power
Brings her not back from death again.

Come when I sleep, O love long-lost,
And put thy arms about me ; set
Thy face against my shoulder, so ;
Come as in old days, passion-tossed,
And for an hour I may forget
That this, like all the rest, must go.

And I must wake, to know again
The bitter truth, and go to thee,
Where lilies stand about thy head,
Where thou canst never ease my pain,
Nor kiss my mouth, nor tenderly
Dry all the tears that now I shed.

PSYCHE TO EROS

Heart plighted to my heart,
From thee how can I part?
Hand pledged thine all to give,
From thee how can I live?

Eyes that ne'er looked in mine,
Can you my love divine?
Lips that my brows have blessed,
From you how can I rest?

Love shadowing my life,
Quell thou this inward strife;
Grant me at length the grace
To see my lover's face.

SONG

Loss of love is hard to bear,
Loss of life is harder yet ;
New loves wait thee everywhere,
New lives never canst thou get.

Haste thee, lover, while to-day
Shines on thee, and thou hast breath ;
Haste thee, lest to-morrow's way
Lead thee to the gates of death.

Youth once lost comes not again,
And the lover should be young ;
Youth, it speaks out there and then,
Age, it has a prudent tongue.

Fair befall thee, lover fair,
Lose no time, but fall to love ;
Swear thou 'lt love her ever, swear
By thy troth, by heaven above.

If thou canst not move her, vow
She's the fairest maid alive ;
Take her to thee, take her now,
And to love thee she'll contrive.

FAIRIES

PHILOSOPHERS of old believed
The Elements were four ;
And, though their view is not received
By wise descendants more,

Yet children know the virtue there
For all that will inquire ;
For fairies live in earth and air,
In water and in fire.

The fairies of the earth are brown,
And wear the fairy green ;
And still they trip it on the down,
And still they may be seen.

Blue are the fairies of the air
Who live up in the sky ;
And white or grey the dress they wear
Whene'er the wind is high.

White are the water fairies, dear,
And you must look awhile,
And when the water ripples clear,
You see the fairies' smile.

Flame-coloured fairies in the fire
Are born from coaly black ;
But when to see them you desire,
They dance to darkness back.

Water and earth, and fire, and air
Are fairies, one and all ;
But only children see them there,
Or hear the fairy call.

GREEN AND BROWN

GREEN is the grass above the ground,
And brown the earth below ;
And green and brown the trees around
By one another grow.

Under the sun green is the grass
Upon the earth that grows ;
But into brown the green will pass
As to the dark it goes.

And for the sun the trees are green,
And for the earth are brown ;
But as their leaves are brighter seen
Their roots go deeper down.

And like the trees are mortal men ;
As from the dark we spring,
The nearer to the dark again
Our daily journeying.

Green is the grass above the ground
And brown the earth below—
How green soe'er the life around,
To the brown earth we go.

While toward the sun our eyes are drawn
Our feet are on the earth ;
Nor hides the dazzling of the dawn
The darkness of our birth.

DEATH AND LIFE

BARE boughs against the sunset sky
Dip down and sway and rise ;
And cold and clear and easterly
The bare horizon lies.

As cold the line, as clear, as still,
That marks the gibbet there ;
The body dances with a will,
The bones are white and bare.

Low murmurs near the poplar tall,
Loud creaks the gibbet cold ;
And deep in earth, beyond their call,
Lie low the chiefs of old.

Still are the barrows where they lie,
And still the silent earth ;
And all the living trees hard by
To them are little worth.

‘SEEK, AND YE SHALL FIND’

AN, love, they dreamed that I should be
Thy leader in a way once trod,
That through my seeing thou shouldst see
The lost face of a Father-God.

And I—I see no God, no way,
But, blindfold, I can only grope
Through a dim night that knows no day,
And hope, though still I see no hope.

Steadfast upon the virgin hearth
There burns no more the fire divine;
Afar, and on an unknown path,
The Vestal seeks another shrine.

The new is ever hard to seek,
The old clings ever round the heart;
There is no refuge for the weak
Save when they choose the easier part.

So must thou lead me in the way
Wherein we seem to seek in vain ;
Where light is dark, where none may pray,
Nor hope, but for the end of pain.

CARTHAGE AND GREECE, 1909

STILL to the Carthaginian shore
 Swift ships bring merchandise;
But ruined wall and grass-grown floor
 Show where dead Carthage lies.
In swarming street and dim bazaar,
 Where life has never ceased,
Dry desert barriers keep afar
 The unknown unknowing East.

But land or sea of Hellas still
 Burns with the fire divine,
Lone Theban walls, or Delos' hill,
 Or waste Olympia's shrine.
Still on the City smites the sun;
 Still violet-crowned her head;
At Salamis and Marathon
Still in their unmarked graves sleep on
 The unforgotten dead.

ON THE DEDICATION OF LANCING
CHAPEL, FOR JULY 18, 1911

HERE, where he dreamed that it should rise,
The perfect chapel perfect stands ;
And in the crypt the Founder lies,
And other dreams, not made with hands,
Like this fulfilled, may make him glad—
Even as for us, who linger round
His body's grave, our sacred ground,
The dreams return that once we had.

O silent dreams of sacred youth
Under this shadow brought to light,
O love of honour, love of truth,
Love with all baseness long at strife !
If, still imperfect, still we crave
To live without reproach or fear,
We too, within the Chapel here,
Stand, dreams fulfilled, about his grave.

THE OLD HOME

LONG had we talked of leaving, and the grief
Seemed swallowed up in thought of greater ease,
Of lesser burdens, and the glad relief
From duties all too heavy : ‘ Where we please
We now may live.’ Ah, bitter, vain belief,
That a new home can give such joys as these
Long-known—the spring, the falling of the leaf,
The gladness of the summer and the trees.

Never shall new joys dull the old regret ;
Forever old and new shall be at strife ;
Forever shall we sigh with bated breath
After the old ; how should we thee forget,
House, hallowed with the memories of life,
House, hallowed with the memories of death.

SUSSEX

LET me but see the Forest dark,
And the Downs along the sky—
The long bare line of the Downs that are mine—
Before I come to die.

The North it has its lakes to boast,
The North has its mountain shows ;
But dearer to me my own country,
And the Downs where the grey turf grows.

The West it has its granite cliffs,
And its long slow-heaving waves ;
But better far the bare Downs are,
That hold no drowned men's graves.

The East it has its fishing fleets,
And its old flint churches grey ;
But better than these are the tossing trees
On the Forest far away.

Fate drives me North against my will,
Fate drives me East and West ;
And never a day but my heart must say,
The South and the Downs are best.

And longer than the northern night
The weary days pass by ;
And I never shall go to the South I know
Before I come to die.

ON READING THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY
AMONG THE DOWNS

RICH valleys run the Downs below,
Where full-fed oxen come and go ;
Far stretch the woods, and fair the trees
That cluster round old villages.

Bleak and austere the Downs upstand
From out the smiling Sussex land ;
Yet not in vain the farmer's toil
Makes fields from out the flinty soil.

Round lonely hill barns, tossed and torn,
The storm-bowed immemorial thorn
Stands as a beacon, and below
His barren boughs the violets grow.

Down in the valleys laughs the land,
And all is easy to the hand ;
Beyond them still the Downs arise
And empty stand beneath the skies.

ON READING THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY 37

But better 'tis beside the thorn
Upon the barren hillside born,
Where the pure outline of the Downs
Keeps guard upon the clustering towns.

There on their breast are violets sweet—
As round the calm majestic feet
Of mightier poets spring the flowers
Of Meleager's fragrant hours.

THE GADARENES

CHILD of the sun, the flowers, the corn,
Priest of love's mysteries to be,
In Gadara a boy was born,
In Gadara, beside the sea—
That little lake of Galilee;
Holy he called her, and his hours
Were lit with lifelong memory
Of early days of love and flowers
In Gadara of Galilee.

The songs that Meleager sang
For his dear lady Heliodore;
The tears that fell, the cries that rang
For Clearista, gone before
Her love unwed to Lethe's shore;
The poets of his flower-decked song;
All these we know; the changing years
Have left them true as life and strong
As death, immortal loves and tears.

Naked and mad in Gadara
We see him, devil-haunted, go—
That other^c man of Gadara—
To curse the light he would not know,
To pray him to depart, that so
He should not suffer torment; still
We see him swaying to and fro,
His fellow-swine upon the hill
Beside him, and the sea below.

The devils cast into the sea,
The man healed in the light of day
No more among the tombs to be
Naked and mad—praise God! But
nay—

This Gadara, that sent away
Her son to living death, now cried
To him that healed, Depart, we pray,
Because through thee our swine have
died,
And who art thou, our swine to slay?

Therefore is Gadara accursed,
Her very name a mockery;
And he that gave her glory first,
Born Love's interpreter to be,
Lives as a Greek immortal; we

Forget his birth at that doomed place,
That cruel town of Galilee ;
Forget that Meleager's race
Once lived beside the accursèd sea.

SONG

CAN I follow where my love
Climbs the steep and narrow way?
Where he treads, can I not move?
Where he ventures, can I stay?

Can I linger, when my love
Knows the music of the spheres?
Where he treads the golden grove,
Where he fears not, have I fears?

Can I tremble, when my love
Goes before me to the goal?
Can I falter where he strove,
Or mistrust that surest soul?

Lead then, love, and I will come;
On and up, I follow fast;
Go before me to that home
Where we all must end at last.

SONNET

THE shining of the stars, the quiet moon,
The vaulted sky that black behind them shows,
What are to these the splendour of the noon,
Or dying colours of day's dying close?
The rack of cloud in the blue summer sky,
The warm still radiance of the summer day,
What are they to the hour when day must die,
Beside these nightly glories what are they?
Even so to love what is all other bliss?
To love's solemnity the lightest days
Of lightest hearts? Even as divers ways
White round the rock the foam breaks merrily,
So breaks the heart on love's eternity,
Against love's strength how light a thing it is.

SUN AND STORM

BRIGHT was the world, and the sun on the hill was
bright.

The fulness of June was abroad on the fields and
the trees;

The laughter of birds and children to left and
right—

And the sad heart sinks and sickens at sight of
these.

The storm was abroad in the world, and the wind
was cold;

The sky was grey, and grey were the misty hills;
From the bitter east the blinding rain-drifts
rolled—

And with love of them all and longing the glad
heart thrills.

Οὐκ ἐστ' ἐραστὴς ὅστις οὐκ ἀεὶ φιλεῖ.

EURIPIDES.

Whoso hath tasted love, how should he set
The draught aside, how fall to lesser food,
How leave the higher for the lower good,
The nobler for the baser how forget?
How may the man that lives in mountain land
Breathe in the lower valley's lesser air?
How may the well-matched warrior fight as fair,
The sword long-known once broken in his hand.
Nay, once a lover, not the might of kings,
Not darkness, not the ever-beating wings
Of time may set his love and him apart;
Nay, never, for his love and he are one,
Nor may love's words, to lovers only known,
Be taken from the tablets of his heart.

SONNET

Love grows by giving ; being unfulfilled
Of love's return, may yet give forth its sweetness,
Its hidden pulse in outward fragrance stilled,
And knowing naught of all its incompleteness.
But, when love lights on it, the virgin flower
Opens its petals to his quickening touch,
And in the sweet, hot perfume-laden hour
Gives hopes of more, having received much.
Richer the virgin field, and richer he
The giver of the gift unvirgining ;
Faithful the autumn promise of the tree,
When such the fair and double blossoming.
Great gift, to give to that which had before,
And now, being richer, can give forth the more.

SONNET

‘BENEATH the everlasting arms,’ so saith
The prophet, and he comfort gave to men,
And hope to life, and larger hope to death,
That life and love should love and live again.
Our older years have lost their earlier hope ;
Our life has found no everlasting love ;
Our death is death, not life with larger scope ;
Our tears bring down no angel from above.
Love is our all, and only love is life—
Frail life, that passes with each parting breath—
And nothing sure besides, but mortal strife,
And quiet tracts of undiscovered death.
Our love and our eternity are one,
For love is life, and life with death is done.

NEW ROME

To one that long has lived among the dead,
And walked with them upon the Seven Hills,
And sought in white the Sacred Way to tread,
And seen Soracte stand as Tiber fills
With melted snow ; has found the Sabine farm,
The ox in wintry pastures standing free ;
Has heard the thunder, Keep the State from harm,
Has known the men that died for liberty ;
 Not all the wealth and smoke and roar of Rome,
 Not all the modern discords of the town,
 Not all the gaping idlers come from far
 Can stir the solemn silence of the Dome,
 Or from the Square cast Marius' trophies down,
 Or still the cry that ended Caesar's star.

SONNET

THE passion of night is on me, O my love,
The hot still night, that burns into my heart,
As that undying bark in fire once set
First ashen, glows now red, now violet,
Nor dies, nor scatters in dead dust apart,
So is my soul, lit from thy soul, O Love,
Burning, without or flicker or any start,
Unburned, though loving long and loving yet.
O fire of love, O strong, O burning flame,
Only when thou art gone are ashes grey,
Only the living know thy living name,
Only for them quickens dead night to day.
Love unto all in all the love-past came—
If life as love be mortal, who shall say?

OCTOBER

O THAT the thoughts within could put on shape,
That they to thee might once themselves present
And be to thee that heart's embodiment
Which bare them, whence they would to thee
escape.

Then passionate peace should shadow all thy ways,
Still depths of love, which to frequent is rest,
And, spirit and sense at one, deep-thinking days
Die, as the day dies in the quiet west.

But now, as dreaming Night lies on the sea
Nor stirs until her lover, Day, be come
To raise her up to life—even so for thee
My unfruitful heart dreams on, until thou take
Her unto thee, her thoughts to thy thoughts
home,
Who, waking, gives herself for thy dear sake.

SONNET

BETWEEN the fires of hell there is a space
All cool and green, and on the flowery grass
The souls tormented may from torment pass,
And find for love and life a little space.
And sinful lovers find a little grace
Of the dark sin that still as in a glass
Each reads and curses in the other's face,
When from their respite they to torment pass.
Even so in earthly life there is a time
In which past joy holds hands with joys to be,
And for a little while forgets the pain.
And then the hour comes round, and lo! the
crime
Comes with swift step and cries, Come back to
Me,
And this thy love shall see thee Mine again.

SONNET

THE FIRST-BORN

BECAUSE the night was dark upon thy birth,
Because the tears fell thick ere thou were born,
Because all fruitful was the golden earth,
And full of promise was the golden morn;
Because upon thy birth death strove with love,
Because love won, and loved the more for thee,
Because the sun strove with the storm above,
And still each day he had the victory :
Therefore art thou made up of contraries,
And in thy heart shall storm and sun contend,
And still within thee shall these enemies
Fight, and fight ever, to a fruitful end ;
 And, ever hovering between smiles and tears,
 Thou shalt take up the burden of the years.

AMOR VINCIT

THOU scourge of all unwilling worshippers,
How may I do thee honour? How forego
Dear secret love for thy dear sake, and hers
Through whom I worship thee? Yet I would
know

How best, O Love, I may set forth thy grace,
How win thee souls now silent in this place.

Hast thou no pity then for hidden love?
Must none in silence give thee honour due?
And must thy name the lover's brows above
Be writ in light that all may read it new?
Then kindle my poor offerings in such wise
That men may see their love in lover's eyes.

Hard is it for the lover to bring forth
His secret from the sacred inner place
Within his heart's dear shrine; but when thy
worth

He cries aloud, and all thy stores of grace
He opens to the world—then, Love divine,
Then hast thou conquered all, and all is thine.

LOVE'S WOUNDED

WHY wilt thou wound the helpless, Love?
Why break the vessels of thy grace?
Why wilt thou mocking stand above
Those who have known thy gentler face?

What was our sin, O Love, that we
Beneath thy cruel wrath should die?
We had been happy, but for thee,
Had stood and laughed where low we lie.

Hast thou no pardon left for those
Who only listened to thy voice?
Hast thou no healing balm to close
The wounds of them that made Love's
choice?

Have pity, Love, and look on us,
And give us of thy grace once more;
Lo! at thy feet we perish thus,
Love's outcasts, at his temple door.

LOVE'S JUSTICE

BEFORE his palace gate sat Love one day,
And listened to his suitors every one;
But never side by side could they make moan,
And ever one by one they said their say,
These wretched ones, and on their dolorous way
They went, their sad feet cut by every stone
On the bare, desolate high road that lay—
That road of life that all must tread alone;
And as they passed from Love, some passed to
 bliss,
Within his palace evermore to rest,
And with their loves unending pleasures take,
But others passed to loneliness, and this
Seeing those other lovers breast to breast—
And Love sat by, and these died for his sake.

SONNET

‘AH God, ah God, that it were possible
To undo things done.’ So rang the poet’s cry
When in men’s veins the joy of life was high,
And all the land was of all glories full;
But never went the dial-finger back,
And never evening shadow on the wall
Shrank into morning; never lover’s call
Followed grey hairs upon their graveward track.
O love inexorable, void of ruth,
O bitter love, O useless, bitter truth,
That love and youth lie at the gates of death!
Still love was fair, still love was for the
 young,
Lost and forsaken, love still cursed love’s
 tongue,
In the great England of Elizabeth.

TIME IS, TIME WAS

Love, can you help me out with this our life?
Help me to bear? I am a part of you;
We cannot stand asunder in the strife
Of body and soul. Against the falsely true
Of seeming joy can we not do our best,
I helping you, that we may some day gain,
After long fight, some respite, some poor rest,
And cleanse our wounds unclean, and ease the pain?
Ah, when an enemy hath dealt the blow,
Easy it is to bear; but when a friend
Stabs in the dark another trusting him—
If he repent with many tears, and go
Straightway to heal him, this is not the end;
He will remember when the lights are dim.

LETHE

GIVE me one gift, but one, O Love,
 That I may drink, and drinking bless
 Thee for thy mercy, and above
 My head may close, and my distress,
 The waters of forgetfulness.

I know that I must count the cost,
 And with the false must lose the true ;
 Who shall restore the lover lost ?
 And honour for dishonour, who ?
 Not thou, Love ; this thou canst not do.

And must the memory of good
 Go with the memory of ill ?
 Can I not stand where once I stood,
 Above the Promised Land, and fill
 My heart and eyes with gazing still ?

Nay, since I may not now look back,
 Nay, since that land I may not win,
 Since set with poison-fruit the track
 By which I looked to enter in—
 Let me at last forget the sin.

O bitter draught ! O bitter cure !
O Love, and is it come to this,
That I no longer may endure
The memory of all our bliss,
The sting in what was once thy kiss ?

RENUNCIATION

How can I give thee to another's gaze?
How bear another's lips set over thine?
How let another wait upon thy ways,
How see another seeing thee divine?
O, all too hard the riddle I am set;
Too hard the burden fate would have me bear;
For all thy kindness how may I forget,
And how forget that once I was thy care?
Now that thy grace no longer is for me,
Is it no grace that thou art gracious still?
Now that I lonely lie for loss of thee,
Do not I know that this is now thy will?
Only, before I die come back to me
That in thine eyes thyself once more I see.

‘EVEN MINE OWN FAMILIAR FRIEND’

I NEVER knew how you could love
Until your love was not for me ;
Until your heart was set above
All my poor heart could ever be.

I never knew my loneliness
Until I saw you desolate ;
Till shadows of your deep distress
Fell on the darkness of my fate.

I never lost my faith in you
Until I saw you strive to kill
My love, that still would hold you true,
Your soul, that you might have your will.

Since you are you, it may not be ;
Only, the burden of long strife
Lies on us both, on you and me,
Because before us both is life.

‘EVEN MINE OWN FAMILIAR FRIEND’ 61

But let me know that still you strive
Although you have no victory ;
And I shall know your soul alive,
And think you still may turn to me.

THE CHANGE

You sit and talk among your friends ;
I sit alone beside the fire ;
Is this the way love's yearning ends ?
Is it in this our dreams expire ?

I hoped your burdens all to share,
With you I hoped to play my part,
To bear the yoke that you must bear,
To help you with my hand and heart.

O bitterness of hope deferred,
O longing vain and vain regret
For things half-seen, for songs half-heard,
For day-dreams that are day-dreams yet.

Come back and save me, ere the years
Destroy youth's visions one by one ;
Let me not lose my soul in tears
For all that I have left undone.

ONCE

I WAS not lonely when, a maid,
I sat within my father's hall,
And with my fellow maidens played
On dulcimer and virginal.

And when you came, my heart was glad ;
My prince, I gave myself to you ;
And if my mother then looked sad,
How could I think her warnings true ?

I gave you truth and loyalty ;
I gave you sons at your desire ;
I loved you well and faithfully ;
Within my heart I kept the fire ;

And then you left me—not indeed
To outward seeming ; still you came
And spoke the words of love's own creed,
And still you used my former name.

You left me in my loneliness
To know you took your joys with her ;
I bore the burden, none could guess
That you were hell's interpreter ;

And in my pain, I should have died,
But that you said you still were true,
That honour brought you to my side,
And bade me live for love and you.

Then in my heart the sword was thrust ;
Your weakness then betrayed my trust ;
Your honour crumbled to the dust ;
Your love was weaker than your lust.

SONNET

GIVE me once more one look of those dear eyes
As once would make my foolish heart to weep
For very joy of all the verities
That still you vowed, that I was fain to weep
Lest I should not love you as you loved me ;
And still you bade me love, and still my heart
Answered your heart with such a constancy
As made of two one love in every part.

Now that those eyes have looked on others thus,
Now that that heart has yearned for others' love,
Now that those lips have drawn another's breath,
I cry, O God, O God, look down on us,
Look, if Thou art, look down from heaven above,
And, if Thou canst not love, at least give death.

FRUSTRA

I THOUGHT that all the sin was past ;
I dreamt that all my dream was true ;
That you had come to me at last,
And that you loved as I loved you.

Long months—and all those months were glad ;
And if your hand had not the touch
For which I craved, I was not sad ;
I feared you loved me overmuch.

O happy love, O happy fear—
And now again I know the truth ;
I know your life fulfilling here
The unstable promise of your youth.

You blinded all my trust in you
By tender words and love that seemed
Too awed to utter all it knew ;
And all was well while yet I dreamed.

But dreams must end : an idle word
Tore off the veil that hid your heart ;
Of some new honour I had heard—
Or so it seemed—and when apart

I asked you of it ; then I knew,
And met dishonour face to face ;
In all the world were none but you
And I, and with us your disgrace.

I had not bound your love with vows—
You bade me not, for love is free—
I trusted you, you kissed my brows :
And you had lied again to me.

My heart is dead, and yet I live ;
My love is dead, and you are he
Of all the gifts the gods can give,
The last worst gift is memory.

DISJECTA MEMBRA

You have broken my heart—I cannot love you now,
I can but serve you—serve you as best I may,
Keep you from looking backward, your hand to the
plough,
Till death shall spare us both the return of the
day.

You have killed my love—I cannot honour you now
With the honour that comes of absolute trust
and peace ;
I can only pity you, touch your burning brow,
And bid you help as you may till our trouble
shall cease.

You have pulled down the temple of love, and we
lie in the wreck,
Bruised and broken and longing for death ; but
life—
Life is within us, her yoke is upon our neck,
Marred, we are bound together to face the strife.

SONNET

O LOVE when I went forth to find the way
By which I was to go, my heart was breaking ;
Within my heart beside you still I lay,
And still would lie, until your blest awaking,
But now I was alone, and now afraid,
And all my life was dark with all your sorrows,
And as I went, I bruised my feet, and prayed
That this my pain might lighten there your
 morrows.

Then in the road I saw a sudden turn,
And no way after ; very far the glory
Of that high mount of pilgrimage where burn
Immortal fires of healing, saith the story.

I wept and cried, O Love, in vain my quest !
Love heard and healed ; thou knowest all the
 rest.

SONNET

LONG had I laboured still to hide my pain ;
But pain still was, and all my heart was rent,
And still I longed still to be loved again,
And still I craved again the old content ;
But light was dark to me, and life was death,
And hope was gone, and with all hope all cheer—
For death-in-life is ever doubly death,
And death it was to know I once was dear.

But then you came, and in your eyes your love
And hope came then, and then desire of life,
And hope of death gave place to hope of bliss ;
I knew dishonour under, truth above ;
I knew sure good above uncertain strife,
I knew that love could give no more than this.

THE BACKWATER

How noisy looks the life that still flows on
Without the limits of the little room ;
How vain, how small, in all the hours now
gone,
The things for which we spent our souls ; the
gloom
That darkened some, the light that lit the rest
Beyond our best deserving. Here the day
Moves slowly to its close, and in the west
We idly watch the sunset fade away,
And think, how like the daylight is to man,
Its dawn how bright, its course how quickly
run,
Its evening glow at times how fair a thing ;
Full in life's stream, we scarce have time
to scan
The autumn skies, or to behold the sun,
Or hear the birds on leafless branches sing.

THE DAY-STAR

FAR in the east the sky is red ;
The day-star shines above the glow ;
Far in the west the moonbeams shed
Their light upon the trees below.

Phosphor, shine thou in this thine hour,
Thou bright forerunner of the day ;
But knowing this, that all thy power
Before the sun shall fade away.

So in the world of men the light
Is heralded by some fair star ;
While still the sovereign moon is bright,
Our hope is in the east afar.

Star of the day, be this my fate
To light, however faint, some sky ;
To show the sun is at the gate
Proclaiming there Night's obsequy.

Yet, when the sun has reached its height,
One may look back and, sighing, say,
'The memory of that earlier light
Outlives the glories of the day.'

THE HOUSEHOLD SHRINE
(ROME)

HERE, where the ashes of the dead,
Our fathers, in their shrine are laid,
We lay the child—the last word said,
The last rite done—our little maid.

The ashes of the dead are dear,
But dearer those by them we lay;
We thought her hands had laid us here—
And she is with their shades to-day.

Above the urns that hold their dust
Our fathers' images are set;
And, true to her eternal trust,
Her spirit with theirs shall linger yet

About the hearth they knew on earth,
Which still their house-gods purify,
And still shall keep, as ere their birth,
When we, their children, come to die.

With theirs our spirits shall return
To bless the hearth our sons shall see,
May those that stand beside our urn
Forget not then our memory.

CHRISTMAS EVE

I SAW immortal angels in the sky
And heard them sing together, and their wings
Put out the stars with their more living light
Above a stable in a Syrian town ;
On earth were other angels passing by,
And they would turn with little offerings
Towards the stable, with a pebble bright,
A tame bird, or a string of berries brown.

No wings had these, no radiance, no song,
As to and fro they went with busy care
Intent upon their service ; and they saw
No circling light, no angel borne along
By visible winds of glory ; only there
A Baby and his Mother, love's new law.

‘THE EYES OF A NEW-BORN CHILD
ALWAYS TURN TOWARDS THE
LIGHT’

THEY come from light into the unlit womb ;
Nine months therein abiding, forth they go
From that dark closet, shadowing the tomb
That follows on the light that now they know.

What wonder then, if thus the newly-born
Turn to the light, remembering whence they
come,
That when the wings of death blot out their
morn,
They still shall feel the coming darkness home ?

TRANSLATIONS

THE DEAD WIFE

WITHIN this marble Marathonis laid
Nicopolis, and watered with his tears
Her grave. Then he had nothing; what
appears
Lovely or pleasant, what can give him aid,
Whose dead wife leaves him lonely with the
years?

Anon. *Anth. Pal.* vii. 340.

FEAR NOT

WHY fearest thou death, mother of silence,
death,
The end of sickness, pain, and poverty?
Once, only once, must man yield up his breath,
Nor ever twice is called upon to die.
But many are life's ills for mortal men,
That change, and come, and still will come again.

Agathias. *Anth. Pal.* x. 69.

AN EPITAPH

HERE lies he, Adeimantus, here lies he,
Whose trumpet-voice crowned Greece with liberty.

Simonides. *Anth. Pal.* vii. 347.

THE FLESH AGAINST THE SPIRIT

‘ENJOY thy goods, for thou shalt surely die.’

‘Thou hast long to live: therefore live
sparingly.’

Wisest is he who, thinking on these things,
Feasting with fast can balance equally.

Lucian. *Anth. Pal.* x. 26.

THE MEETING

HELIODORUS died, nor had a day
Passed, ere his wife followed her lord away ;
Once more together, they, as those new-wed,
Joy in their tomb as in their marriage-bed.

Apollonidas. *Anth. Pal.* vii. 378.

LOVE'S SNARE

WINGED LOVE himself when flying
Was taken in a snare,
Caught in thine eyes and lying
Captive, Timarion, there.

Meleager. *Anth. Pal.* xii. 113.

THE MONTH OF DREAMS °

Now spring brings back the gentle heat,
Now the March fury of the sky
Is stilled to rest full pleasantly
Beneath the generous west wind's feet.

Let be the Phrygian fields, my soul,
And parched Nicaea's fruitful land;
Come, speed we now to Asian strand,
And cities famed from pole to pole.

Now craves the ever-restless mind
Change and delight, to pass along
New ways, with feet again grown strong,
The winter's dulness left behind.

And ye, dear meetings of dear friends,
Farewell; once, long since, side by side
We left our homes, and, sundered wide,
Reach by lone paths our journey's end.

Catullus xlv.

HER STRENGTH IS IN HER SONS

ON, sons of Sparta, on
Ye sons of valiant sires ;
Against the hostile stone
With arm that never tires
Uplift the shield, and then, light
 of heart,
Up with the mighty spear,
No room for cowards here,
And Sparta knows no fear
For her part.

Tyrtaeus 13.

A SPARTAN WAR-SONG

A GOODLY thing it is to die, for every valiant
man,
That, fighting for his country's sake, falls nobly in
the van ;
But grievous is it if that man must leave his native
land
And fertile fields, and wander forth, his children in
his hand,
His wife herself, his mother dear, and father now
grown old,
And beg his bread and theirs, alas, in misery and
cold,
For that the foe is far behind ; and should he on
them come,
'Twill bring them beggary and want, of wretched-
ness the sum ;
His state will then belie his form, his race be
brought to shame,
And all dishonour and all ill shall fall upon his
name,

If still no spring shall follow on the winter of his
grief,
No vengeance if the wanderer find, no pity, no relief.
—Then let us fight for this our land, and for our
children dear ;
Then let us die : what are our lives that we should
spare them here !
Fight, young men, by each other's side, fight, young
men, nor prepare
For fear or flight, but set yourselves to great deeds
then and there ;
Brave be your hearts within your breast, strive you
with all your might,
Be not base lovers of your lives, with foes to meet
in fight ;
Leave not the elders to their fate and turn your-
selves to flee,
—The honoured elders, now no more so supple in
the knee ;
For shame it is, when old men fall among the first
to ground,
And when in front of younger men their bodies
may be found,
And when the valiant hoary heads lie low among
the host,
And in the battle's dust outstretched old men give
up the ghost ;
Across the bleeding body lies clenched the wrinkled
hand,

A sight to make men sick to see that by the dead
shall stand
And naked see the honoured forms. Though every-
thing in truth
Beseems the valiant man that wears the happy
flower of youth,
The lover meet for ladies' eyes, the wonder of all
men,—
Yet, fallen foremost in the fight, fair is he truly
then.

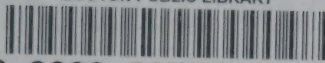
Tyrtæus 8.

ENVOI

DREAMS of the past, and of the yet to be,
Visions of youth that strove with burning eyes
To pierce the veil, and in the end to see
The future fixed for all that lives and dies—
O dreams come true, O forecasts vain of fate,
O dying lives that one by one depart;
O bitter love, O love-begotten hate,
O thou strong love, whose altars are our hearts;
Here honoured, have you here no gift to give,
No crown undying for a dying song,
No promised grace to come of gladdening years?
—Not so, what greater gift than this, to live,
And in the lover still for love to long,
And in the laughter not to lose the tears.

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